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THE NATIONAL CALAMITY.

First American Business Man: YOU LOOK PALE AND ANXIOUS, OLD MAN.

Second American Business Man: NATURALLY. CONGRESS IS IN SESSION

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC BREAKFASTS

TO BE GIVEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF

LIFE'S FRESH-AIR FUND

Musical and Dramatic breakfasts are to be given at the Waldorf-Astoria on the Thursday mornings in January, for the benefit of LIFE'S FRESH-AIR FUND.

The curtain rises at half after eleven, and breakfast will be served at small tables at one o'clock.

If you wish to subscribe to these breakfasts, kindly send your check to LIFE'S FRESH-AIR FUND, Life Building, No. 19 West 31st Street, New York City.

A subscription to the four mornings, including breakfast, is \$14. A few single tickets will be issued to subscribers at \$4 each. Boxes holding four persons, \$16 extra. Single box seats, \$4 extra for the series. The single tickets and boxes can be obtained at 19 West 31st Street.

THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS HAVE KINDLY CONSENTED TO APPEAR DURING THESE MORNINGS:

Miss JULIA ARTHUR and her Company will present "One Touch of Nature."

Miss LYDIA EUSTIS (First appearance professionally in New York).

Victor Herbert's String Orchestra.

Mrs. EMMA JUCH WELLMAN.

Signor GORGOZA.

The Kaltenborn Beyer Hane Quartet.

Mrs. CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT and Company.

Mrs. SIDNEY HARRIS (Recitations).

Mrs. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE and her Company in Comedy.

BURR MCINTOSH in his original play, "The Colonel's Ward."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHARLES COGHLAN, MAURICE BARRYMORE, AUGUSTUS THOMAS and HENRY DIXEY.

JAMES K. HACKETT. Miss JULIE OPP.

(Courtesy Mr. D. FROHMAN.)

The last Thursday will be a Vaudeville morning of extraordinary attractions. Miss CLARA LIPMAN, LOUIS MANN and DAN DALY (through the courtesy of Messrs. LEDERER & McCLELLAN), HARRY CONNOR and HARRY GILFOIL (courtesy Messrs. HOYT & McKEE), and several members of Mr. RICE's Company will appear.

There will also be an exhibition of sketches from LIFE. Other attractions will be announced later.

PATRONESSES.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor
Mrs. George F. Andrews
Miss Aymar
Mrs. Mühlenberg Bailey
Mrs. Edmund Baylies
Mrs. James Hude Beckman
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont
Mrs. F. H. Benedict
Mrs. Charles Berryman
Mrs. E. J. Berwind
Mrs. Mortimer Brooks
Mrs. Frederick Betts
Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood
Mrs. James Burden, Jr.
Mrs. Daniel Butterfield
Mrs. Lloyd Bryce
Mrs. Henry Burnett
Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon
Mrs. Robert Clarkson
Mrs. Henry Clews
Mrs. Holbrook Curtis
Mrs. Wm. P. Douglas
Mrs. William B. Dinsmore, Jr.
Mrs. John Drexel
Mrs. Wm. A. Duer
Mrs. Ogden Doremus
Mrs. J. O. Donner
Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.
Mrs. George de Forest
Mrs. Reginald de Koven
Mrs. di Zerega
Mrs. Casimir de Rham
Mrs. Frederick Edey
Mrs. Duncan Elliott
Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish
Mrs. Frederick Gebhard

Mrs. Sidney Harris
Mrs. Borden Harriman
Mrs. J. Arden Harriman
Mrs. Richard M. Hunt
Mrs. Thomas Howard
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Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins
Mrs. Richard Irvin
Mrs. Louis Colford Jones
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Mrs. Gilbert Jones
Mrs. Luther Kountz
Mrs. Fred Kernochan
Mrs. Arthur Kemp
Mrs. James Brown Lord
Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.
Mrs. E. Livingston Ludlow
Miss Leary
Mrs. Prescott Lawrence
Mrs. Robert Livingstone
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan
Mrs. Richard Mortimer
Mrs. Frederick Neilson
Mrs. Herman Oelrichs
Mrs. Robert Osborn
Mrs. Almeric Paget
Mrs. Reginald Rives
Mrs. Archibald Rogers

Mrs. Burke Roche
Mrs. George Rives
Mrs. William Rhinelander
Mrs. Geraldyn Redmond
Mrs. Thayer Robb
Mrs. C. Albert Stevens
Mrs. James Strong
Mrs. Algernon Sullivan
Mrs. Eugene Schieffelin
Mrs. Henry Sloane
Mrs. James Speyer
Mrs. Lorillard Spencer
Mrs. Frank Sturgis
Mrs. Marion Story
Mrs. Henry Trevor
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt
Mrs. George Henry Warren
Mrs. Orme Wilson
Mrs. J. J. Wising
Mrs. Walter Watrous
Mrs. Mayhew Wainwright
Mrs. Whitney Warren
Miss Eweretta Whitney
Mrs. Stephen Whitney
Mrs. William C. Whitney
Mrs. W. Storr Wells
Mrs. Edgerton Winthrop, Jr.
Mrs. John C. Wilmerding
Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster
Mrs. Eben Wright
Mrs. Seward Webb
Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney
Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop
Mrs. Francis de Ruyter Wissman

·LIFE·



In the background: WHAT IS THAT CROWD OF WOMEN ON THE CORNER?
"THE SOROSIS CLUB. THEY ARE HOLDING A SECRET SESSION."

Society.



F the several large dinner parties of the week, one of the most important was that given by Mr. and Mrs. Gatheran Spend on Thursday night in honor of Lord Howe Poore. The table was decked with clusters of American Beauty roses. Besides the host and hostess and the guest of honor, there were seated at the board Mr. and Mrs. Leeds Thegang, Mr. and Mrs. Newe Butsolid, Mr. and Mrs. O. Howe Vulg, and Mr. and Mrs. Graiton Kloze.

Dinner parties were also given on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Dressta Kyll, and Mrs. Kakklyn Henne.

A Theory.

VAN EYSTER: What do you suppose Shakespeare meant by "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"?

DE PEYSTER: Champagne and corsets.

The Same.

"HOW is the bank doing at the Gulch?" asked Broncho Pete.

"Suspended," said Alkali Ike.

"So? And the bankers?"

"Ditto."

WHEN a rich man realizes that money has not brought him happiness, he promptly turns his attention to doubling his supply of it.

HANDPRINTS OF GENIUS.

John Brown
John Brown Attorney.

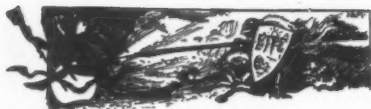
John Brown J. P.

John Brown Judge.

John Brown M. C.

John Brown Governor.

John Brown Senator.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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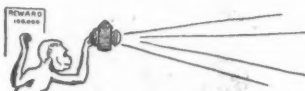
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THIS is the open season for the after-dinner orator. For the next three months public dinners will be particularly frequent, after-dinner speakers will be numerous, and we shall have the opportunity to read their deliverances in the morning papers. It is a sombre prospect. Our luminous neighbor, the *Sun*, in commenting the other day on the published reports of the speakers at the New England Dinner in New York, on December 22d, questioned whether it was quite the fair thing by the after-dinner talkers to print their remarks. It goes further. Observing that of late years there has developed a variety of after-dinner speakers whose special function is to be funny solely for the sake of the fun, it suggests that the clowns pure and simple have now the best of the business, and that the more serious-minded men who compete with them find little to their credit in the competition. "Is it not questionable," it adds, "if the

chaffing, jocular, and perfunctorily funny after-dinner speech has not gradually been carried to an extreme which would make its abatement grateful to the diners themselves?"

It is not questionable at all, good neighbor; it is manifest truth. Every speaker at a dinner after the third is a calamity, spoils sport, impedes digestion, and prevents conversation. There is no need at all of the after-dinner joki-ist except when the company is abnormally stupid. The whole business of after-dinner speaking has outgrown all sense and propriety, until it is an infernal incubus. At most public dinners there are a few things that are proper to be said. Say those things, then, and quit. The main attraction of any dinner that is worth going to is that it brings together congenial persons who want to talk to one another. After-dinner talk among the diners who keep their seats is very pleasant. A reform that would provide for a great deal more of that and a great deal less stated oratory would be a merciful innovation. Even the orators themselves would like it. They are not to blame. They, like their listeners, are victims of a monstrous institution that is ripe for abatement.



AN illustrious example of what a young man may do is presented by Mr. Joseph Leiter, of Chicago, who was recently reported and believed to be the owner of eight million bushels of wheat, all paid for, and stored in elevators, safes and other convenient receptacles against rainy days or other contingencies.

Mr. Leiter is about twenty-six years old. The development of so provident a disposition in a man still young, and who seems not as yet to have been personally inconvenienced by hunger or any form of want, is somewhat notable, and warrants curiosity as to the circumstances and conditions that fostered and led up to it. It is known that five years ago Mr. Leiter was a student in Harvard College. Whether while there he manifested unusual capacity, and whether, if he did, it was measured by dry measure as now, or in gallons, has not as yet been ascertained. All that is

surely known about him is that he owns eight million bushels of wheat, and that his father, who usually spends the winter in Washington, has gone out to Chicago to help him sit up with it.

To own so much wheat as that at the early age of twenty-six does not in itself constitute success in life. That is lucky for Mr. Leiter, since to succeed at too early an age diminishes one's interest in living. Mr. Levi Leiter rejoices that his son has helped many farmers to get a high price for their wheat. That in itself is success from the farmers' point of view, though, as estimated by the callous business mind, the measure of Mr. Leiter's achievement will be the difference between the price which he paid for his wheat and the price at which he is able to sell it. It may be six months yet before that difference can be estimated, but meanwhile Mr. Leiter has made for himself an international reputation, and has probably caused his admiring parents to rejoice in the foresight which prompted them to afford their son the benefit of a liberal education.



SECRETARY GRESHAM was willing to settle the Behring Sea claims by paying to the English Government \$425,000. Congress wouldn't agree, and a Commission had to be appointed, as provided by the Board of Arbitration, to pass on the claims and assess the damages. The Commission says we owe about \$460,000. That ought to be satisfactory to both sides, and now Congress can provide the funds and pay up with good will and a clear conscience. Please do it quickly and cheerfully, gentlemen, and have the business settled.

When Congress refused to ratify Secretary Gresham's bargain there was a great cry, abroad and at home, that Uncle Sam had gone back on his agreement. In the course of time it has been pretty thoroughly pounded into the head of everyone interested that Congress acted in the matter according to its sense of duty and clearly within its treaty rights, and that Uncle Sam did not fail in any obligation whatever. There has been nothing at all in the business which any patriot has occasion to blush for or regret. Nor will there be, for of course the damages will now be promptly paid.



CALENDAR

*Said Father Tempus, I have a plan, But the strain was so great that by and by
I'm going to swear off on the first of He was taken with fever in*

JAN.

JULY.

*But his resolution began to ebb,
He was two days shy by the end of*

FEB.

*He only just escaped the morgue,
His temperature was so high in*

AUG.

*Then he lost his temper and went so far
As to bawl and bluster all through*

MAR.

*Never were resolutions kept
So well as in convalescent*

SEPT.

*He puffed and blew till he spoiled his shape,
So he took the water cure in*

AP.

*When he recovered the world was shocked,
For he painted the country red in*

OCT.

*He took a shower bath every day,
And was most disagreeable all through*

MAY.

*Then he howled and raged like a fiend in love.
He was full as could be of remorse in*

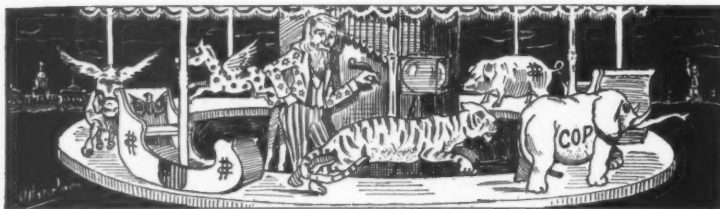
NOV.

*Then Summer came and he changed his tune— It's plain, said he, this thing must cease.
Any Fool can be good in I'll swear off again—at the end of*

JUNE.

DEC.

Oliver Herford.



ALL ABOARD FOR 1898.

The New Gospel.

"I AM only animated by one desire—to proclaim and preach abroad to all who will hear, as well as to those who won't hear, the gospel of your Majesty's consecrated person." (*Prince Henry of Prussia at Kiel.*)

Ye heavy hearts that falter,
No longer be afraid;
No more with triflers palter,
Here comes the real Crusade:
A newer dispensation
The old ones doth repeal—
Behold the consecration
That taketh place at Kiel!
Ye lasting doors be lifted!
Be lift ye lasting gates!
If not—ye'll be short shrifted
For whom the Gospel waits.
From the seas that Hayti rocks in
To the bay of Kiao Chou,
Ring out the joyful tocsin!
Proclaim His Person now!
Accept the German Kaiser,
Whose light no bushel hides!
How should mere men be wiser
In whom no light abides?
Ye sons of men, be grateful!
His Person now adore!
And in His Person fateful,
Be blessed evermore!

C. R. Berrien.

THE Sunday bicyclist who passes through Brooklyn on his way to Coney Island is a source of concern to the good and venerable Doctor Theodore Cuyler, who says:

"My heart sinks deep down into my shoes when I contemplate the army of young people that go wheeling down toward the ocean on a Sunday morning. It is enough to make a Sabbatarian like me despair, I tell you."

Don't despair, Doctor! Take heart! Even church-going has a better chance of becoming habitual than Sunday morning bicycling. There are plenty of purely worldly grounds on which church-going is sure to be preferred a good deal of the time to Sunday bicycling. One mighty point in the church's favor is that you can wear your best clothes to church, and you can't on a bicycle. *He* can, maybe, at a pinch; but *she* can't. Sabbath-keeping and personal adornment work together for good. No Sabbatarian who remembers that need give up hope.



Doc Sifers, and Other Good People.

ON the face of it, a poem of more than one hundred four-line stanzas in Hoo-sier dialect ought to be pretty tough reading. Poetry in straightaway spelling is a trying performance to most minds. But James Whitcomb Riley knows a thing or two about dialect, and when you read his "Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers" (Century Co.) you discover that it's simply an old Indiana farmer talking "nachurel like." You hear the twang of his voice, and catch the shrewd twinkle in his eye. In a few minutes you believe in *Doc Sifers* just as heartily as he does, and are sorry when he gets to the last word of his monologue.

Riley has put the story in verse of the same type of man that Ian Maclaren celebrated in prose—but Riley's Country Doctor is more human and less tear-compelling than the Scot's.

The beauty of *Doc Sifers* is that, when he goes on his journey through the hundreds of villages of this broad country, he will meet with hosts of people who will exclaim, "Why, he is just like old Doctor So-and-So!" And that means that there is a pretty sound core of hero-worship and big-heartedness in the back country that people, who live in cities and talk of the "coming social revolution," and the "alarming ignorance of the rural regions," never suspect. Riley has given them a voice in this and other poems.

* * *

OCTAVE THANET has put into prose stories the same kind of good rural citizens that Riley has celebrated in rhyme. She has found in Iowa or Arkansas the fine old stock that works hard, makes blunders, gets into cruel disasters, but keeps a clean heart and a bright spirit. Many of the type appear in "A Book of True Lovers" (Way & Williams). They are full of a grim kind of humor, which has a way of extricating them from many scrapes. It is a species of shrewd optimism, that

seems to abound in all Western States except Kansas—where the lack of this sense of humor has led them to follow many strange political gods. William Allen White, however, has been trying to show in his stories that Kansas has the saving grace of humor also.

The originality and workmanship of these stories of Octave Thanet are of that spontaneous and simple kind that never lead the reader to say "How well she does it," but, losing sight entirely of the artisan, he exclaims, "What a charming story!"

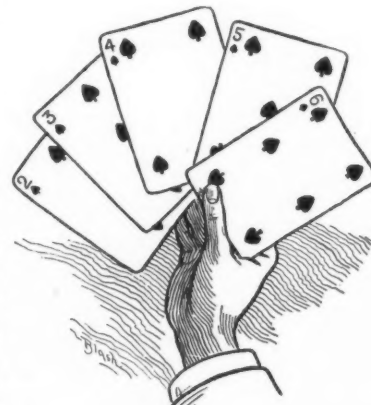
* * *

MARY JAMESON JUDAH in "Down Our Way" (Way & Williams) has collected some Southern types that are new to fiction. She represents the advanced daughters of the Old South who have taken to clubs, reforms, and new-fangled notions. The contrasts which she suggests with a few figures of the old-fashioned type are often amusing, and sometimes pathetic.

Droch.



WHAT ANNA HELD AND



WHAT JOHN DREW.



On the morning of the 27th of December I discovered the North Pole. The barber of the expedition seemed most impressed.

Life's Polar Expedition.

ALTHOUGH Professor Hornblower has urged us not to divulge the fact that he has discovered the Pole, we think it ought to be done. It will add to the interest in the region, and while Science has not been a gainer, and the Pole has been left where it is, no doubt more women will flock to hear Hornblower lecture on his return because his intimacy with the Pole has been duly announced. Reports from the *Same Old Game* have been unremitting in their regularity, and the carrier-pigeons still hold out. Latest advices are as follows:

Dec. 27.—This morning, having nothing better to do, we discovered the Pole. It looks about as I thought, but the halo around it was somewhat of a surprise. It shows up well in a dark night, and sheds considerable heat. It is the warmest spot I have struck since I left my own delightful home.

Dec. 27.—It was a good thought that prompted us to bring along some elephants. To-day we began to cut down the Pole and

carry it piece by piece to the *Same Old Game*. The elephants were a great help. The crew are carrying on this work without me. I cannot leave the ship at present, as I am busy in writing my book and playing cribbage with Miss Belle Bunker, my typewriter. Our stock of provisions holds out remarkably well. We have had to put seal-skin cloaks on the ducks to keep them warm, and our cows are giving ice-cream, but these are only the natural vicissitudes of any Arctic trip.

Dec. 28.—I took a recess to-day from my arduous labors and went up on deck to view the Pole. While examining it I made a startling discovery. I found that the Pole had been discovered before, so far as I know, by nearly every Arctic explorer. In their well-known chirography I found carved on the Pole the following names:

*Hen Hudson,
Johnny Franklin,
R. E. Peary,
Fritz Nansen.*

I wonder why they didn't tell about it?

Dec. 29.—It's all plain now, of course. What is the use of announcing the discovery of the Pole? It is much better business

not to let anyone know about it. Otherwise the interest would abate. As a matter of profits it is better not to let the cat out of the bag. I have carved my name above the others and ordered the Pole put back in its place. Keep this mum, as I may want to try again some time, if I don't make enough out of this trip.

Dec. 30.—Gustavus Damm, my second officer, discovered an Esquimau girl wandering around on a berg this morning. He made signs that she was wanted on board, and here she is. Another mouth to feed.

Dec. 31.—The last day of the year. I made every man and woman take another oath to-day that they would not divulge the secrets of this trip for the rest of their natural lives. Gustavus Damm is with the Esquimau girl in the hammock.

Jan. 1.—Gustavus Damm was found this morning under the bulwarks proposing to our new guest. She accepted him on the spot and he came aft to get a ring. They are to be married at noon to-morrow.

Jan. 2.—I have just performed the marriage ceremony over Gustavus Damm and his bride. She wore a Union suit of rough sealskin and carried a bunch of snowballs



LIFE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.—We began to cut down the Pole and carry it piece by piece to the ship. The elephants were a great help.

in her left hand. Miss Bunker was the maid of honor, in low-neck dress and point lace effects. The ceremony took place on the quarterdeck. After the ceremony we had a wedding breakfast, and a special menu was prepared for Mrs. Damm. She appears very happy. And now for the return trip!

Future Vivisectors.



"THE arrest of the boys developed a story of degrading cruelty. After stealing the rabbits, they hid them in the basement of their home, and at various times amused themselves by cutting off the rabbits' ears and tails, punching out their eyes, and in other ways maltreating them, in order to hear them 'holler,' as they said, and also to find out how long they would live after being tortured. The dead rabbits were found under an adjoining house. Pigeons which had been decapitated were also found there. The boys probably will be sent to the Reform School."

Why send them to a Reform School? What's the matter with a Medical School? The dear boys are simply doing what every vivisector seems to take a pride in, and what is taught and practiced in Medical Colleges.

Memory to Blame.

"JOSEPHINE, where is my golf suit?"
 "Don't ask me, Harry. You ought to have a place for everything, and everything in its place."
 "I do; but I never can remember where the place is."

THE dexterity of a modern virtuoso's fingers made a deep impression on an old farmer who was among the audience at a "Piano Recital." Clapping both hands suddenly down upon his knees, he was heard to exclaim: "I'd give a hundred dollars to have that man pick peas for me."

Paul Kruger.

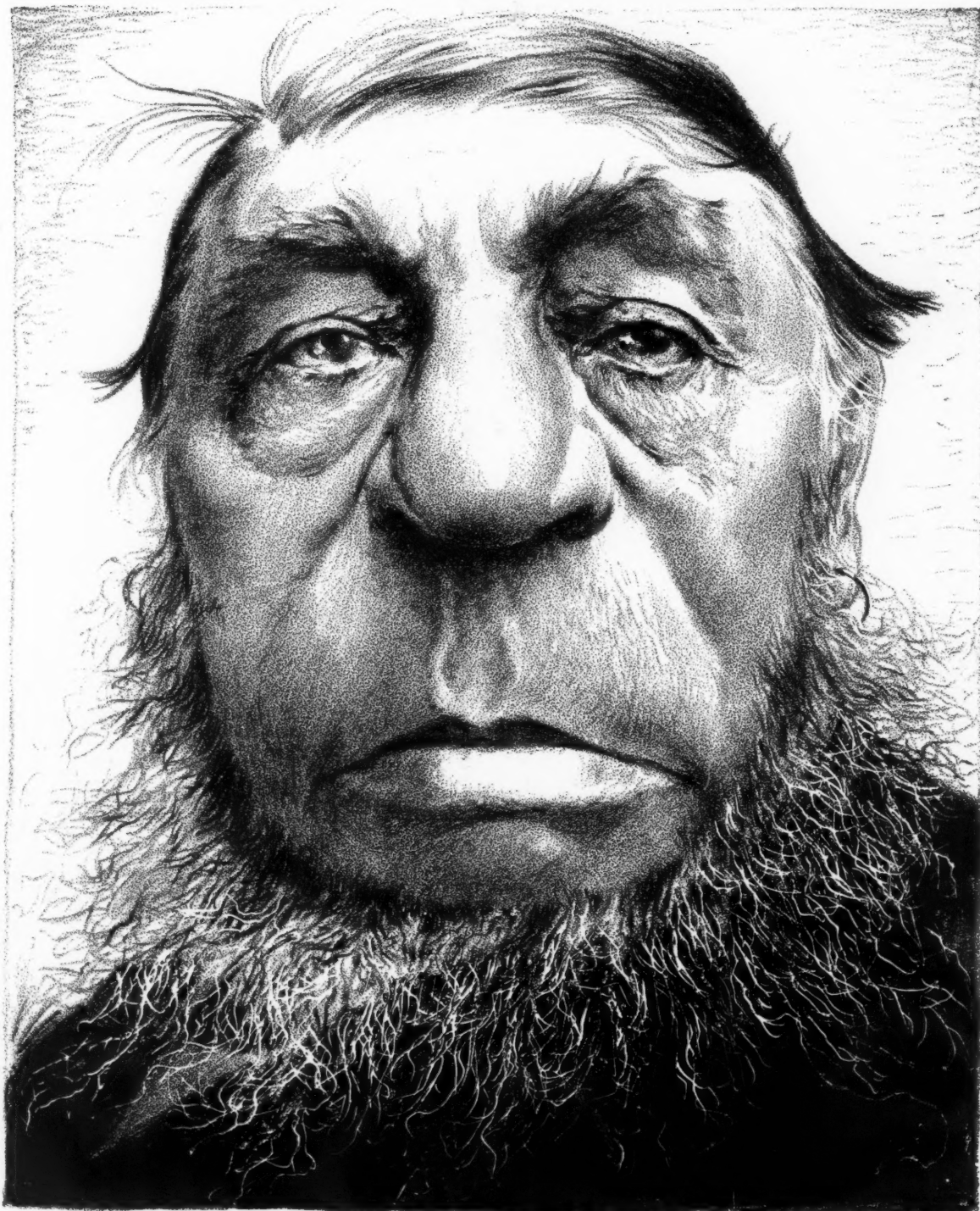
AMONG society leaders Oom Paul Kruger, President of the Boer Republic, would scarcely be recognized, but this fact has not hampered him to any extent up to date. Oom Paul dresses almost as well as Mark Twain, and resembles the latter somewhat in his terse use of words. He has a face that is readily discernible thirty miles out at sea, and a head so level that Lord Salisbury can walk on it for hours without putting his foot through. Oom Paul is fond of farming and outdoor sports, and cultivates his own whiskers. He is not so beautiful as he looks, but he is a great man nevertheless.

FIRST POLITICIAN: McNulty refused to accept that bribe.

SECOND POLITICIAN: I always thought McNulty was weak.



LIFE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.—Mrs. Gustavus Damm eating breakfast on the morning of the wedding.



PAUL KRUGER.



"THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY
WHO WENT OUT TO RIDE ON
THEY RETURNED FROM THE
WITH THE LADY INSIDE,
AND A SMILE ON THE FACE



AS A YOUNG LADY FROM NIGER*
 T OUT TO RIDE ON A TIGER;
 RETURNED FROM THE RIDE
 THE LADY INSIDE,
 WILE ON THE FACE OF THE TIGER."

*Or was it Manhattan?



Two Entertainments of Opposite Types.



THE actor portrayed so admirably by Mr. Charles Coghlan, in "The Royal Box," is taken from that period of the theatre's history when the profession resented the title of mountebank, and was just beginning to resent the hardly less humiliating one of "the king's servant." Mr. Coghlan marks this increasing self-respect by his *Clarence's* treatment of the £200 which the Prince of Wales shoves through the keyhole of the actor's dressing-room to assure *Clarence* that he is really a prince, and not a bum-bailiff. The actor protests against receiving such a gift, although he sorely needs it, until the Prince assures him that it is in payment for the box he is about to occupy.

This is a tribute which Mr. Coghlan, as an adapting author, pays to the improved position of the profession which he adorns as an actor. In another scene—that with *Celia Pryse*, in which he warns her against the hardships, immoralities and petty meannesses of the life of an actress—he draws another picture which in truth and strength out-Scotts Mr. Clement Scott himself. If there had been a Theatrical Trust in the days of *Clarence* (which is a pseudonym for Edmund Kean), Mr. Coghlan would doubtless have paid his compliments to that aspect of theatricals; but, burdened as the stage then was in other ways, it was at least free from that incubus.

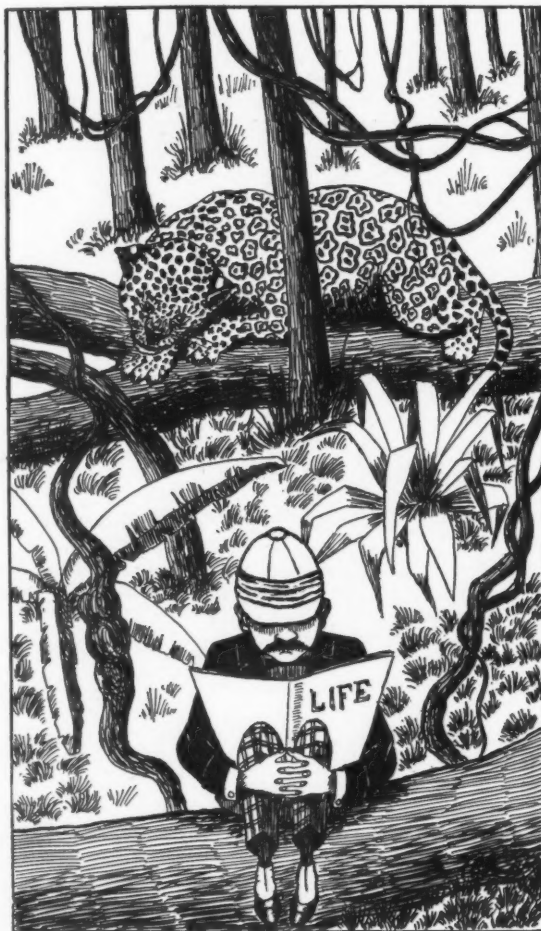
"The Royal Box" has five acts and considerable unnecessary dialogue, but it has plenty of action and incident, and tells an absorbing story. Letting characters of the play go out into the audience always seems a somewhat meretricious device, and endangers both the dignity and the illusion of the play. In this case, so little action is allotted to the persons in the royal box that they hardly attract the notice of the real audience, and their being in front of the footlights leaves the entire stage free to the essential acting of the scene in which *Clarence*, as *Romeo*, forgets his part and denounces the libertine prince. As a play, "The Royal Box" varies widely from the most fashionable methods of construction, but its archaic form is readily forgiven in the interest it creates.

Mr. Charles Coghlan is one of those actors whose kind is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth. They were created and trained, not by the stage-managers of a box-office

trust, but in the hard school of experience, with its rules the traditions handed down by all the generations of actors. Mr. Coghlan shows the marks of age and ill-health, but his art is still there, and furnishes a saddening contrast to the efforts of the cadets, who are great actors, if we are willing to take the discredited word of our present mentors in the art dramatic. The cast throughout was excellent, and evinced that rare spirit which a company shows when it acts under an authority which it respects. Miss Grace Filkins gave a graceful, touching, and effective rendering to the *ingenue* part of *Celia Pryse*. Mr. Harold Russell's *Prince of Wales* was not so impressive as Mr. Hackett's at the Lyceum last season, but was doubtless more true to life. Mr. Bruning's portrayal of *Count Felsen*, the Swedish Ambassador, was also a faithful piece of work.

The play at the Fifth Avenue and its performance are unusual and excellent, and deserve the patronage of theatre-goers.

Metcalf.



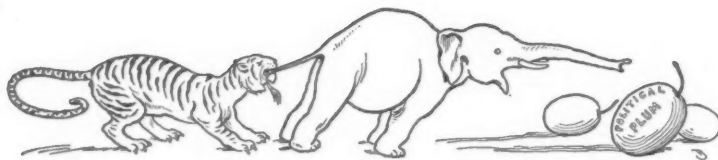
R. L. M. Coghlan 47.

BUILDING TERM.

"TO BE FINISHED IN THE NATURAL WOOD."



Jessie: IS THERE ANYTHING MORE EMBARRASSING THAN BLUSHING WHEN YOU SHOULDN'T?
"YES; NOT BLUSHING WHEN YOU SHOULD."



A Case for Genuine Sympathy.

LIFE begs to condole with Mr. Thomas Platt on Tammany's uncivil intrusion into the surety business, the profits of which have been so acceptable to Mr. Platt and his boys during the

adversities of the recent hard times.

Mr. Platt must be recalling the words of the immortal bard: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless pal."

A Charitable View.

"WHAT is your idea of a cynic?" "Well—a cynic is a humorist who has had the misfortune to be born with his smile a trifle on one side."

THE difficulty with some bores is that they are so interesting—it is hard to think when they are present.

At the Play.

IN silken gown My Lady sits
To see the play. The actors' wits
Are naught to her. Her sight is keen
To see she is by others seen.
She hears the dialogue by bits.

Each actress through her stage life flits;
My Lady notes how each gown fits,
With each compares, the acts between,
Her silken gown.

The style of each by heart commits,
If worthy they, for future hits
In her own parts. And though a queen
With meagre lines, she will, I ween,
With her part be content if it's
In silken gown.

Wood Levette Wilson.



"PASSING IN HIS CHECKS."

The Advent of the "New" Child.

THE modern child is like a pinwheel, ready to go off in a blaze of wordy fireworks the instant a spark of interest is applied to the fuse of its understanding. Like an old man in his dotage, this fag-end of the Nineteenth Century can only mumble and prate of childish things, and the kindergarten, that incubator of little bores, is rampant. Some courageous person ought to found a Society for the Prevention of Infant Information-giving, and someone with a burden of superfluous wealth might also endow a "Refuge" for the parents and guardians who are being brought up by their children in spite of themselves. Truly "the child is father of the man"—and of the mother, too. Self-conscious through indiscriminate praise and exaggerated notice, the children up-to-date are the most unchildish, information-spouting little prigs in existence; if "of such are the Kingdom of Heaven," Heaven is a good place to keep out of. Do you imagine a modern child would listen to the thrilling words of the Master as did the children of old when they were sanctified by the divine blessing? Of course not! A modern child, be it scarce old enough to lisp, would have a criticism to pass upon the Perfect One, and in its eagerness to tell what it knew it would miss the words which had held the Biblical children spellbound.

We are child-culture mad. The talent of the country puts forth its finest flowers of effort for the benefit of children; parents devote time and money for the little good and the large harm which is bound to be the result of over-indulgence. A goodly harvest of dissatisfaction and discomfort is their reward. In our craze for fads—which are usually harmless enough, Heaven knows!—we ought to choose less pliable and responsive objects for the brunt of our enthusiasm. The child who is encouraged to watch the stately ships of cloud in the ocean of the sky, the child who loves the sunshine and the falling rain, the child who

in sweet meekness of heart begs for fairy tale and falls asleep dreaming of bright-winged birds and magic flowers, has a better start in loveliness of disposition and understanding of this wonderful world than the sage kindergarten-bred child who can recite half a verse of inane poetry, and make paper-mats and string beads until its eyes ache.

E. B. P.

Ubiquitous Plumage.

MRS. ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, of Boston, is quoted as saying that women of taste no longer wear birds in their hats. That may be so in Boston, but if it is true of New York the women of taste are in a minority that is distressing to think of. Worthy and otherwise irreproachable dames of Gotham go about in headgear that seems wholly irreconcilable with the existence of an Audubon Society in New York State. The rage for winged millinery, in spite of the destruction of birds that it involves, means a screw loose somewhere. But there is nothing amiss with American women; that is an axiom. The men are to blame, then, as they are for everything else. It must be because women's hats are designed to please men, and men are pitiless and have no taste. Ah, yes; that must be it!



"HOT WORDS PASSED ON BOTH SIDES."

One-Sided.

BISHOP BURKE (Roman Catholic), of Missouri, is reported to have excommunicated from his church Mrs. Charles Miller (late Miss Moriarity), her mother, and other relatives and friends who were present recently at her wedding. She was married early in December to Mr. Miller in a Presbyterian church, by a Protestant clergyman. Bishop Burke says that sort of thing doesn't go, and he proposes to put a stop to it.

It would simplify matters a good deal for some folks if the Roman Catholic Church would systematically expel every member of its communion who married a Protestant, and all conniving relatives and friends.

As it is, a Catholic is permitted to marry a Protestant provided a priest does the marrying, and an agreement is made that all children of the marriage shall be brought up Catholics. The Roman Church consents, that is, only on condition that everything debatable shall go to her. That doesn't seem a fair deal, and any Protestant who stands out against it—as probably Mr. Miller of St. Joseph has done—is entitled to the sympathy and support of his fellows.

Life's "Pegasus" Contest.

WE have received an inquiry from a reader who would like to know "if the given picture in LIFE may illustrate a line or lines of the poem, without being influenced by the lines which precede or follow it." As there may be others who are doubtful on this point, we would say that the lines selected, for which the picture was drawn, are entirely independent of the lines preceding or following, so far as the picture is concerned.

A Good Article.

"IS your milk pure?" asked the new customer.

"It is, ma'am," replied the dealer. "I use nothing but imported chalk and distilled water."

MARRIAGE is a science in which there are no experts.



THE IRONY OF FATE: TO HAVE A MOTHER WHO LOOKS LIKE THIS, AND THEN TO "TAKE AFTER" ONE'S FATHER.

WHEN a man is not disturbed by something that annoys some one else, he believes that he is good-natured.

MOST people turn their attention to the task of knowing themselves a good deal like a man setting out to discover a gold mine.



A DESIRE.

I WOULD you lay within the heart
Of Yukon mountains old,
You still would be, as now thou art,
A sweet infinity of gold.

I'd stake my largest claim right there,
To compass all your charms divine,
And as I dug you out with care,
Ah! then you would be surely mine.

—C. Tacume.

THE police justice had formerly been a bartender. He had gone into politics and had been elected by a big majority. This was his first case. Mary McMannis was up before him for drunkenness. The justice looked at her for a minute, and then said, sternly:

"Well, what are you here for?"

"If yer please, yer honor," said Mary, "the copper beyant pulled me in, sayin' I was drunk. An' I don't drink, yer honor; I don't drink."

"All right," said the justice—his former bartender habit getting the best of him—"all right; have a cigar."

—Buffalo Enquirer.

"I NEVER in my life used such a thing as a poster or a dodger or a handbill," said John Wanamaker. "My plan for twenty years has been to buy so much space in a newspaper and fill it up as I wanted. I would not give an advertisement in a newspaper of 500 circulation for 5,000 dodgers or posters. If I wanted to sell cheap jewelry or

run a gambling scheme I might use posters; but I would not insult a decent reading public with handbills. The class of people who read them are too poor to look to to support mercantile affairs. I deal directly with the publisher. I say to him:

"How long will you let me run a column of matter through your paper for \$100 or \$500? as the case may be. I let him do the figuring, and if I think he is not trying to take more than his share I give him the copy. I lay aside the profits on a particular line of goods for advertising purposes.

"At first I laid aside \$3,000. Last year I laid aside and spent \$40,000. I have done better this year, and shall increase the sum as the profits warrant it. I owe my success to newspapers, and to them I freely give a certain profit of my yearly business."—Wool and Cotton Reporter.

A LITTLE boy about five years old, too tired for anything but sleep, refused one night to say his prayers.

His uncle, who was present, said: "Oh, Harry, would you go to sleep without asking God to take care of you during the night?"

The little fellow answered: "I didn't say 'em last night; I ain't doin' to say 'em to-night, and I ain't doin' to say 'em to-morrow night, and then, if nothin' don't det me I ain't doin' to say 'em no more."—Troy Times.

"I SUPPOSE classical music is all right in its place," said Maud.

"I'm sure it is," replied Mamie; "I don't care to listen to it myself, but sometimes you have to play it in order to get a man to go home."—Washington Star.

"I UNDERSTAND, Uncle Jim, that they're going to throw out your vote."

"Dey is, suh?"

"That's what they tell me."

The old man looked thoughtfully at the ground, then raising his head, said:

"Could you tell me, if you please, suh, des how many of 'em dey gwine ter throw out?"

"How many of 'em?"

"Yes, suh, so's I'll know how many of 'em I'll have left."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE late Dean Vaughan, eminent among English clergymen, had been preparing some colored clergymen for mission work, and asked them to dine with him in his Temple.

On that day Mrs. Vaughan waited an hour in the dining room for her guests, but none came. At last she mentioned to the butler that it was very odd.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "and what's odder still I've done nothing all the evening but turn Christy m-strels away from the door."—Wave.

"You are so dreadfully cross-eyed, I don't see how you can shoot straight."

"I fire both barrels at once."—Boston Traveler.

"I congratulate you, my dear sir, on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls off your hands."

"Off my hands—yes! But the worst of it is I have kept their husbands on their feet."

—Melbourne Weekly Times.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.



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To secure Clean Hands, a Clear Complexion and to prevent Chaps—use Robert Low's Turtle Oil Soap. Now is the time to get the skin in health condition.

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Prepared in a minute, with cold or hot water.
At druggists and grocers.

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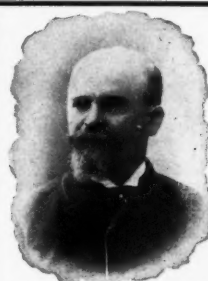
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PEPSIN
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Cures Indigestion
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All Others are Imitations

Why THE CLUB COCKTAILS Are Best



Years of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged all ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and, admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality.

In the past the male sex were the only ones privileged to partake of that daintiest of American drinks, the "Cocktail." With the innovation of Club Cocktails it has been made possible for the gentler sex to satisfy its curiosity in regard to the concoction about which so much has been written and said, and which has heretofore not been obtainable by them.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

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TEN MILLIONS.

The American Waltham Watch Company has just commenced to make the watch movement numbered 10,000,000. It will be nearly a year before No. 10,000,000 comes on the market, for the making of a Waltham Watch means a good deal more than material and jewels. The brains of the watch-making industry are employed at Waltham. Few persons realize how high a form of mechanical skill is required in the making and putting together and adjusting of the parts of a Waltham Watch. It is this same skill and ingenuity that has made these watches preëminent in the markets of the world, and that has given the American Waltham Watch Company an outlet for its enormous product in the past fifty years. It is a fact that ticking away all over the globe there are more Waltham Watches than all other American watches combined. There is no finer or more distinctive American industry than watch-making. It should be a source of pride to every good American that in the furthest corners of the globe one is sure to find Waltham Watches.

THE INOCULATION CURE.

First they pumped him full of virus from some mediocre cow,
Lest the smallpox might assail him, and leave pit-marks on his brow;
Then one day a bulldog bit him—he was gunning down at Quogue—
And they filled his veins in Paris with an extract of mad dog;
Then he caught tuberculosis, so they took him to Berlin,
And injected half a gallon of bacilli into him;
Well, his friends were all delighted at the quickness of the cure,
Till he caught the typhoid fever, and a speedy death was sure;
Then the doctors with some sewage did inoculate hen,
And injected half its gastric juice into his abdomen;
But soon as he recovered, as of course he had to do,
There came along a rattlesnake and bit his thumb in two;
Once again his veins were opened to receive about a gill
Of some serpentine solution with the venom in it still;
To prepare him for a voyage inland Asiatic sea,
New blood was pumped into him from a leprous old Chinese;
Soon his appetite had vanished, and he could not eat at all;
So the virus of dyspepsia was injected in the fall;
But his blood was so diluted by the remedies he'd taken,
One day he laid him down and died, and never did awaken;
With the Brown-Séquard elixir though they tried resuscitation,
He never showed a symptom of reviving animation;
Yet his doctor still could save him (he persistently maintains),
If he only could inject a little life into his veins.
—Puck.

ROYAL SERVICE TO FLORIDA.

The Pennsylvania, Southern F. C. & P., Florida East Coast Railways offer the most perfect service New York to Florida. In addition to the two limited trains now in operation, leaving New York 4.20 p. m. and 12.10 a. m. daily with through sleeping-car service to Charlotte, N. C., commencing January 17, the Florida Limited will be resumed, leaving New York 12.10 noon, reaching St. Augustine the following day for lunch. For further particulars address New York offices, 271 and 283 Broadway.

WHILE Sherman was "out in the air" between Atlanta and the sea, rations sometimes got a little short; but the men were good-natured about it.

One day an officer found a soldier eating a persimmon that he had picked up, and cried out to him, "Don't eat that; it's not good for you!"

"I'm not eatin' it because it's good," was the reply; "I'm tryin' to pucker up my stomach so as to fit the size of the rations Uncle Billy Sherman's a-givin' us."—Argonaut.

The new SOHMER building now in course of erection, southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, will be ready for occupancy on or about the first of next February, when the well-known Piano Manufacturers of that name, who have been located for the past twenty-five years at 149 to 155 East 14th Street, will occupy the ground and lower floor for their warerooms. This move will accommodate their large uptown trade, making access more convenient, being centrally located and readily accessible by all surface and elevated lines. A full line of their celebrated manufacture will be constantly on exhibition.




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Those Fine English Tobaccos *Capstan Bird's Eye Westward Ho Three Castles Gold Flake, etc.*

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What lines of Tennyson does this picture illustrate?



Title of Poem.....
 The lines illustrated }
 by this picture }
 Name and address of sender.....

Fill out and return above to "Pegasus," care of Life, New York.

Life's "Pegasus" Contest.

1. The May Queen.
2. The Miller's Daughter.
3. Ode to Memory.
4. Circumstance.
5. The Grandmother.
6. Enoch Arden.
7. Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.
8. The Talking Oak.
9. The Two Voices.
10. The Brook.

If among these ten poems written by Alfred Tennyson you find what you believe to be the lines for which this picture was made, fill out the coupon and return to "Pegasus," in care of LIFE. All envelopes received will be opened on January 15th.

To the person whose envelope contains the correct guess will be given two hundred dollars. Should there be others whose guesses are correct, the two hundred dollars will be divided among all the winners.

There is no restriction with regard to the number of guesses made by each contestant, the only condition being that a coupon, properly filled out, be returned in each case.

The announcement of the winner will be made in LIFE's issue of January 27th.

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"I KNOW I'VE GOT TO FEE THE KEY CLERK, WAITER, HEAD WAITER, PORTERS, BOOTS, READING-ROOM ATTENDANT AND CARRIAGE CALLER, BUT I'M HANGED IF I'LL BUY THAT FOR THE CHAMBERMAID!"

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